BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

THE ANTIDOTE FOR DIVORCE.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"There!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, flinging down the morning paper, with a jingle of her bangles. "They've done it again!"

"What have they done again?" demanded the Mere Man, glancing up with a nervous start, "brought on a panic, or declared another war, or assassinated another President, or ——?"

"They've made another anti-divorce law, Mr. Porter," returned the Bachelor Girl accusingly. "They've driven another nail into the dead wall of matrimony. They've put a new padlock on the door and given the key an extra twist. And it was already worse than a charity fair!"

"How could anything be worse——," began the Mere Man.

"It's cheaper and easier to get into," explained the Bachelor Girl, pulling her hatpins from among the marabou feathers and putting them, one by one, between her little white teeth, "and more expensive to get out of. If they want to abolish it altogether——"

"But they don't," remonstrated the Mere Man. "It's divorce they're trying to abolish."

"How?" The Bachelor Girl spoke desperately through a mouthful of pins. "By making it difficult and unattainable and a rare privilege?"

"No, by——"

"By putting a high price and a premium on it?"

"Exactly. By putting it out of reach."

"And dangling it there tantalizingly, like forbidden fruit or the Tantalus cup?" scoffed the Bachelor Girl. "If they really want to stop divorce, why don't they do that to matrimony? Why don't they charge as much for a marriage license as they do for—for——"

"A dog license?" suggested the Mere Man laconically.

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor Girl, "or a decree of separation. Why don't they make us go into court and prove that we've a right to be married and swear oaths and pay lawyers and tell our ages and make affidavits as to our dispositions and our pasts and our presents and our futures and our good intentions and the size of our incomes and our collars and the color of our characters and our eyes, as they do when we want to be divorced?"

"I don't know why," sighed the Mere Man. "And I don't know how any of us could prove that we have a right to be married—unless," he added, with a happy inspiration, "we could bring references from our former wives and husbands or our old sweethearts, or——"

"That would be a good idea," broke in the Bachelor Girl, approvingly, taking the hatpins from her mouth and jabbing them into the crown of the marabou creation in her hands. "If we require a written 'character' from a prospective maid or valet, why not demand one from a prospective wife and husband? But it wouldn't be enough," she added, wrinkling her brows thoughtfully above her small noes.

"And besides," added the Mere Man reflectively, "we might not be able to get them—to recommend us."

"No," said the Bachelor Girl, shaking her head decisively and leaning her chin in her hand, "every marriage should be a case for trial."

"Well—isn't it?" inquired the Mere Man promptly.

"A suit—I mean——"

"A suit-case!" exclaimed the Mere Man interestedly.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the Bachelor Girl, "if you're going to try to be funny——" and she waved her hands contemptously.

"I wasn't!" declared the Mere Man defensively. "I was only trying to make it come out."

"What?"

"Your dimple and—and your meaning."

"I mean," exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, trying to look haughty in spite of her nose, "that two people who contemplate domestic bliss should be arraigned and tried by law—for the offense. The man should be made to take an oath as to his income, his habits——"

"And the ability of his constitution to stand the strain," interpolated the Mere Man derisively.

"And what he intended to demand from his wife."

"And what allowance he expected to give her, and how long he could wear a pair of socks without darning, and how hard he was on buttons, and whether or not he snored——"

"And instead of swearing that he loved her in a dusky conservatory," continued the Bachelor Girl, imperturbably, "with the waltz music deadening his voice and his conscience and no witnesses to hear his statements, he ought to be forced to swear it in broad daylight and the face of a cool-eyed judge and jury, with his hand on the Bible."

"And indicted for perjury if she ever found out he's been lying!" rejoined the Mere Man, sarcastically.

"Of course," agreed the Bachelor Girl, cheerfully. "That would make men a little more careful about what they promised and a little less careless about breaking their promises. But that isn't all."

"Help, help!" cried the Mere Man, desperately.

"He should get affidavits," continued the Bachelor Girl, "from his mother and his aunts and the family servants as to his temper and his disposition and what time he usually got to bed nights, and whether or not he called for ice water in the morning, and how he treated his sisters and—and——"

"The family cat!" suggested the Mere Man, enthusiastically.

"And bring in witnesses to testify that he never had been in love before——"

"What?"

"And how many times; and why he had or hadn't married them, and whose fault it had been."

"And," broke in the Mere Man, desperately, "the girl ought to be made to swear to the truth about her age and to bring a written guarantee from the doctor as to the genuineness of her complexion, and tailor's affidavit that her figure was her own, and to exhibit samples of her cooking and her brother's socks, and to testify on oath that she never had been kissed before——"

"What?"

"And how many times," added the Mere Man, maliciously, "and whether or not it was her fault if she hadn't——"

"And wouldn't they both be surprised?" gurgled the Bachelor Girl, delightedly.

"Not half so surprised as they are now," sighed the Mere Man, "when they find out the truth."

"By the time they got a license they'd be so wildly excited about it," went on the Bachelor Girl, enthusiastically, "that they'd fairly run all the way to the altar."

"And so deeply in debt to the lawyers," added the Mere Man, cynically, "that they couldn't fee the minister, nor pay for the trousseau."

"Well, why shouldn't we pay a high price for being married?" protested the Bachelor Girl. "We'd prize our wedding certificates more if they weren't cheaper than the fancy postcards that are given away with every pound of tea or the Sunday newspaper. It's because marriage always has been given away free, instead of being held at a premium, that it's going out of fashion. When cheesecloth was first invented smart people used to make frocks of it; but now that it's only 5 cents a yard they use it for dishcloths. What everybody can get nobody wants. It's the thing we can't afford that we always sigh for and value when we do get it. If matrimony was more difficult to get into, we wouldn't be so anxious to get out of it. What we need is not more anti-divorce laws, but a few anti-marriage laws that would make people think twice before they got married once. And then, as for divorce"—the Bachelor Girl waved her hand over the whole sex problem—"there wouldn't be any!"

"Wouldn't be any?" The Mere Man looked disappointed.

"Not if only the right sort of people were allowed to marry only the right sort of people," returned the Bachelor Girl confidently. "Besides," she added, "raising the price and the difficulties of divorce will only make it more fashionable. The best way to make it unpopular would be to make it so cheap that every servant girl could have her decree framed and hanging on the wall."

"And then," declared the Mere Man, "no real lady would be caught with one around the house."

"Of course," agreed the Bachelor Girl, "divorces would go out of fashion as quickly as flare hats and spotted veils. If husbands and wives were as difficult to get and as easy to get rid of as a good cook, we'd all treat them with the same deference and consideration that we now show to the lady of the kitchen. Instead of being anxious to part with them, we'd be afraid of losing them. It's because the cords of matrimony bind too tight that we long to break them. If they just hung round us in a casual slip-knot, that was easily slipped, we'd be holding them on with both hands."

"Yes," acquiesced the Mere Man eagerly, "if all a man had to do was to go down and get a divorce license as he now does a marriage license, his wife would be a little more particular about having the dinner hot when he got home, and putting on her best frock and curling her hair and holding her tongue and her temper and the baby."

"And if all a woman had to do was to give notice when she wanted to resign her position her husband would think twice before he joined a club, or refused her a new hat, or went around without his collar. If marriage were more of a privilege and less of a duty, and husbands and wives were just leased out on probation or good benavior, we'd treat them as carefully as we do a borrowed book or a borrowed punch bowl."

"Instead of like an old shoe or the family door mat," finished the Mere Man. "And yet," he added, with a sigh of satisfaction, "it's nice to think that all a chap has to do in order to get the girl he wants is to slip around to the City Hall——"

"Then why have you never done it?" demanded the Bachelor Girl, pushing back her pompadour and sitting up suddenly with a challenging glance.

"I don't know," began the Mere Man, lamely, "because—because——"

"I do!" retorted the Bachelor Girl. "For the same reason that people who live in New York never go to Brooklyn, and people who live in South Chicago never go to North Chicago—because it's too easy!"

"What!"

"Because you know perfectly well that the City Hall and the license will always be accessible and waiting. But if they were as expensive and as hard to get at as Europe or South America or the north pole you'd be saving your money and making your plans this minute——"

"I am!" broke in the Mere Man, desperately. "I have been for years——"

"For years?"

"But the plans always change."

"Change?"

"With the girl," explained the Mere Man. "And every time they put a new nail in the door of divorce I get a new inspiration to—stay on the safe side," and he lit a cigarette, shuddering.

"And yet," sighed the Bachelor Girl, pensively, studying her patent leather toes on the fender, "only last night you were coaxing me——"

"I wasn't!" protested the Man, with apprehension in his eyes.

"You were trying to persuade me——"

"That you'd look well in white," interrupted the Mere Man, hastily, "and with orange blossoms in your hair and a prayer book in your hand. But that was only a—a poetic fancy."

"It sounded," murmured the Bachelor Girl, softly, "just like an offer of marriage."

"What!" cried the Man, sitting up perfectly straight and putting down his cigarette. "Do you suppose I'd offer you anything——"

"Mr. Porter!"

"Anything so cheap?" finished the Mere Man, indignantly.

To-day's Skirts.

Among the various forms of the draped skirt we see that which is cleverly rucked over the hips and which falls in a long point to the feet in front and in two at the back; another ends at the knees in front and is long behind; a third is exactly the reverse, while a fourth is turned up, as was the vogue in Du Maurier's days, when the fishwife skirt was all the rage—turned up and pinned at the back with careless draperies. This, carried out in one of the extra supple modern materials, is not in the least clumsy. The "ends" at the back, when the upper skirt is of soft satin, are tapered and fringed like sash ends.

Girls' Dresses.

Semi-Empire effects are rarely seen for day dresses where girls are concerned, and neat gored skirts, finished with plis religieuse or simply terminating in a wide hem sewn, in the case of lighter materials, with large French knots are almost ubiquitous. Instead of the inverted pleats at the back, which have obtained favor for so long, a wide box-plaits is inserted, while the same style is noticeable in front, the double-breasted short coat being not infrequently fashioned so as to give the same effect.

The Choosing of Your Vegetables.

Vegetables should be fresh to the eye, crisp to the touch, and have a cool, refreshing odor, says the Delineator. Withered or decayed vegetables are extremely unwholesome. It is important that vegetables of all kinds be carefully picked over before using. They are much better when freshly gathered and cooked as soon as possible.

Fruit must be perfectly ripe, sound, and fresh to be fit for the table.

TO RUTH CONSTANCE.

Somebody has my heart, I know,
A wee little maiden, bright and sweet
Far away,
Though along with it I may not go,
The real heart doth indeed, I trow,
Beat and beat
Day by day
For the little maiden far away.

Who is the little maiden sweet and bright?
I'll tell in truth
She is my little goddaughter Ruth.
Who is this lover, dear Ruth, of thine?
It is not right
To tell his name in a valentine.

CHARLES J. WEHR.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

A Few Interesting Opinions as to the Results.

Some of the ideas of women as to what they would do if they came into their kingdom are, to put it politely, quaint.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt believes it would make no difference: "When women rule they will retain all their good and bad qualities;" while Mme. Suzanna Despres says they will do "nonsensical things."

Lady Alma-Tadema dismisses the subject with the remark that "Women possess all power and have always done so," and Lady Henry Somerset does not believe in "the superiority of one sex over the other." Mrs. Despard, the earnest advocate of the vote for women, holds the view that "women's accession to power will cause the reconstruction of society on a firmer basis." So many women, so many opinions!

WHO IS DRESS-MAD?

List to the Tale of the Frenchman and His Collar Stud.

Women are often accused of being dress-mad, and one has heard it said that it is the constant attention to dress which frets feminine nerves. But as yet, one believes, no woman has attempted suicide because she failed to find some accessory to her toilet.

It has been reserved for a man to do that.

The loss of a collar-stud is said to have so upset a Frenchman a few days ago that he declared life was not worth living. Certainly in his case it was hardly worth while continuing existence. If he must needs weep and stab himself because he had dropped an elusive stud, how could he have borne an ill-fitting collar, or what would have been left him to do in the face of a real grief or loss of fortune? At any moment his hat might have been blown off by the wind, and what would he have done then, poor thing?

College Girl Makes Valentines Popular.

Although college girls are supposed to sniff at Cupid, and statistics show that the devotees of higher education make marriage a side issue, it was a college girl who invented the first American valentine. She was Esther A. Howland, a Mount Holyoke girl, who was graduated in 1847. Yet at that time she possessed the modern college spirit of enterprise and energy, for she not only made a fortune for herself, but established a new industry in this country.

It was two years after her graduation, and when she was back in her home in Worcester, Mass., that Miss Howland conceived the idea of the American valentine. The earliest fancy valentine to come to this country from England fell into her hands in 1849. It had an elaborate border of fine lace paper and was decorated with colored flowers cut out and pasted on. In the center was a small pocket, containing a tiny red edged note, which bore a tender love message.

Miss Howland's father, who was a stationer, imported a few of these valentines. His daughter, on seeing them, felt she could improve on them, so she manufactured two out of lace paper, colored paper, and paper flowers. Even the scoffers had to admit that they outclassed those of English manufacture, and she was encouraged to make a dozen more. She induced her brother, who traveled for her father, to take the samples with him on his next trip, to see if he could get any orders.

On his return he handed her orders amounting to $5,000. She was aghast. She had hoped for orders representing $100, but $5,000 meant work enough to keep her busy for several years. She was in a quandary until she thought of asking her friends to help her. They consented willingly. Embossed paper was ordered from England and colored pictures from New York, from the only lithographer in this country. One friend cut out the pictures and kept them assorted in boxes. Another, with models before her, made the background of the valentine, passing it to still another, who put on the adornments. Thus it went from hand to hand, each one elaborating it a little more, until it was finally turned out a thing of more or less coquetry and beauty. At last the big order was completed.

The next year Miss Howland looked about for novelties and gave her brother a still larger assortment of samples when he started on his trip. Many of these were quite costly, and among them was the message of Dan Cupid on satin or silk. A tragedy hung on the introduction of this novelty. The young woman who painted these valentines formed the habit of moistening the brush with her lips, thus absorbing so much paint that she died from paint poisoning.

In the second year the orders were so numerous that it was necessary to double the working force. Miss Howland soon found herself with a valentine factory on her hands. She began to import colored pictures and other ornaments from Germany, but as it was a tedious process to cut these out by hand, she had a set of dies made to shorten the process. She next conceived the idea of embossing the little lithograph ornaments and wrote to the firm in Germany, outlining her plan and proposing to have the cutting and embossing dies made and sent to it at its expense. It declined Miss Howland's offer, however, and speedily had dies made in its own country.

The American valentine, or the Worcester valentine, as it was known, rapidly gained a reputation all over the country, and the business increased so much that in a few years Miss Howland was sending out $100,000 worth of goods. In spite of generous offers from manufacturers to take over her business, Miss Howland stuck at it, even after an accident that necessitated her confinement to a wheel-chair for several years. When her father became ill, however, and required constant care she sold out her business to the firm which conducts it to-day in Worcester.

But the Mount Holyoke girls do not forget that it was a graduate from their alma mater who was responsible for the American valentine, and every year on February 14 they toast the name of Esther Howland and the little god of love.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTIES

The Washington's Birthday party is seldom arranged as a progressive function, yet in many cases, notably when guests-to-be are not well acquainted, the progressive idea is a capital one for getting the fun started. The frolic for February 22 can be so planned with very little trouble, writes Mary Dawson.

Let me describe a very successful entertainment of the kind arranged in collaboration with a friend to illustrate the possibilities of the idea.

The Tables.

We planned for six tables. There were no tallies of the ordinary kind, but we decided to keep score with flags, and laid in for this a quantity of the tiny ones that can be had everywhere for 1 cent apiece or less.

The player winning most points at each table received a flag, the prize at the end of the progression being awarded for the greatest number of flags held by any one member of the company. If two players came out equal in any round, two flags were given.

For the fun of the first table we had a tin pie plate heaped high with cranberries, which made a satisfactory substitute for the Washington cherries not obtainable in February. Each player received a finger bowl and a long hatpin. When the signal was given every one stabbed at the little red fruit with his or her spear, endeavoring, of course, to deposit it in a finger bowl. The flags were given here for the greatest number of berries found in any two bowls when the pie plate was empty.

George's Portrait.

For the second round we collected from old magazines and papers about a dozen patriotic pictures, particularly portraits of George and Martha Washington and scenes relating to their times. We mounted these on cardboard and cut each into several pieces, according to original size.

Fragments of these pictures were heaped up in the center of the table, and the puzzle consisted in seeing who could in the allotted time arrange most pictures correctly.

There were no special rules to govern this contest, save that but one picture could be built at once, and that but one fragment was taken from the heap at a single time, to be immediately returned in case not available for the picture in the course of making. The greatest number of pictures formed during the ten minutes allotted to each round won flags for those making them.

Washington Pie.

At another stage we had a remarkable Washington pie. This was arranged after the manner of a Jack Horner pie, in a deep dishpan, with a pasteboard crust. "When the pie was opened" a number of miscellaneous-looking objects, each of which suggested something relating to Washington or his times, were revealed.

A naturalistic looking sketch in color of green leaves on a card was puzzling unless one happened to recognize in them the leaves of the cherry tree.

A ball suggested the name of the great man's mother, Mary Ball.

A picture of the Delaware stood for his dauntless midwinter crossing of that stream.

A small object in green represented his general, Greene, and a map of Virginia his birthplace.

Any hostess can make a pie for herself by working up promising names from Revolutionary history and selecting the tiny objects to suit, using these given her as illustrations.

Each puzzle has a tag with a number and at the bottom of the pie should be found an envelope containing a card on which all the correct answers are written. By these the lists are revised.

Before leaving this table each quartet of players rearranged the articles in the pie.

Washington Anagrams.

For the fourth competition we had the favorite anagram game in a new and patriotic version. The anagram chips were placed in a heap in the center of the table, face down.

Some one, to begin the fun, then selected a chip from the pile and turned it upward. The person first to name something of patriotic suggestion, beginning with the letter turned up, received the chip. The two persons winning the largest number of chips received flags.

To illustrate, if the letter S is turned up, some one calls out, "Stars and Stripes," and wins the chip. If the letter E occurs he or she gives our national motto, "E pluribus unum;" if C, "Cherry tree," and so on.

Patriotic Songs.

At the fifth station twelve cards containing verses from patriotic songs were arranged, without the names, to be guessed. "Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "America" were among the old favorites represented. An envelope containing the answers, numbered like the selections, was opened when all had guessed.

At the last table sheets of paper and pencils awaited the guests. Here it was required to form as many words as possible out of the name of Washington, by juggling the letters and choosing such as seemed to lend themselves to other combinations. A small dictionary lay on the table, and by this all the doubtful questions were decided.

With this game the series ended. The winning man was rewarded with a life of Washington, well bound and illustrated. To the lucky woman we gave a fan decorated with a design of the colonial days of periwig and powder.

How to Change Tables.

It is very important in arranging a progressive frolic out of the conventional order to have all the games simple and of a sort which can be played in ten minutes, without a referee. We made it a point to have only such games, and the smoothness with which the little affair moved onward was most gratifying.

All players left a table after the game was over. The first and all successive positions of each individual were indicated by a specially prepared chart, so that no player played the same game twice.

Lovers' Contest.

An entertaining contest of a rather more intellectual order which might appropriately figure in any valentine programme is called "Famous Lovers."

It is easily prepared.

Each couple playing the game receives between them a card or sheet of paper, on which are written the names of famous lovers of ancient and medieval times, of romance, poetry, history. Opposite the name of each man the guests are required to write the name of the "faire ladye" with whom his name is indissolubly connected for all time.

Fifteen minutes is a good period to allow for working out the answers. At the end of that time the cards are collected and compared with a key card in the possession of the party giver. Incorrect answers are crossed off.

The lady of the couple naming most lovers correctly could receive a heart-shaped pincushion, while the clever man is rewarded with a volume on the love affairs of celebrities.

This partial list of famous lovers, with their affinities, will help to show the possibilities of the puzzle game:

Paris and Helen.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.
Abelard and Heloise.
Dante and Beatrice.

A "Catch" Game.

Another game without the sentimental motive undesirable for a middle-aged company, is built upon an amusing trick.

To play it the entertainer should secure as many fancy valentine envelopes as there will be players. Fold in each envelope a blank sheet of paper to give the effect of a letter or a valentine, and seal. Pass around a dish heaped with these missives and let each select a valentine.

When the bell is sounded each one is told to open his or her envelope. The hostess then examines each in turn and a prize is awarded for the one most neatly opened. This never fails to surprise everybody and will create much fun.

Spring.

It is coming.
One whiff is here now.
It is in florists' windows.
There's one jug of golden Forsythia.
An entire window is ablaze with daffodils.
Azalea forcelings lend a whiff of enchantment.
Violets and valley lilies add fresh and delightful proof.

A BECOMING LITTLE DRESS.

Yoke effects are so popular just now that every little girl wants her new frock to be built on this order. The dress sketched will appeal both to the little maids and their mothers, for it is a most becoming design and is not at all difficult to construct. The yoke effect is obtained by a facing, which should preferably be of contrasting material. The waist is bloused slightly all around, and is simply decorated with the trimming-band and a belt to match, while the sleeve-caps add appreciably to its smart appearance. The sleeves may be made in full or shorter length, as desired. The box-pleated skirt has a straight lower edge and is attached to the waist, thus making the dress easy to slip on. Any pretty woolen fabric is suitable for making, 6 1-2 yards, 24 inches wide, being required for the ten-year size.

Four sizes, eight to fourteen years.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2776) and size wanted.

THE SIMPLE SWISS LIFE

DOINGS IN GRINDELWALD.

By ETHEL THERESA HUGLI-CAMP.

Simplicity is the keynote of Switzerland. This was never so clearly borne in upon me as one afternoon last week up in Grindelwald. We had just come down into the village from an all-day's tour on the Busenalp. Such as were feminine of the party had on knee-high skirts, heavy leggings, and boots with pointed hobnails. The men were in heavy tweeds, with puttees. We all had pointed canes.

As we tramped—clumped, would be a better word, up the principal street of the village, we saw three gentlemen mincing down the middle of the road. They had no irons on their shoes, and they simlpy had to mince, as all the roads in winter in and around Grindelwald are worn glassy by sleds.

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As we came nearer, they all saluted us, and we stopped to chat. It was a remarkable trio. The handsome gray-haired, gray-bearded man, was Mr. Emil Frey, once minister from Switzerland to Washington, afterward President of Switzerland, and now chief of the "Internationalen Telegraphen Bureau."

One of the others, Mr. Ruffy, was also once president, and is now chief of the International Postal Bureau.

The third, the one with the small-pointed beard and the very marked Basler accent, was Mr. Brenner, the present President of Switzerland. As we stood there talking, now and then maneuvering and side-stepping out of the way of the passing sledders, they told us a funny thing that had happened to them in the train on their way up to Grindelwald.

* * * *

A Hungarian count, seeing that they were Swiss citizens, began to question them about the government. After commenting on the fact that the country is guided by a council of seven, called the federal council, the Hungarian said:

"But you have never had a President from the French part of Switzerland, have you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Frey and Brenner, indicating Ruffy, "Here he is!" Great astonishment on the part of the Hungarian nobleman. When he had recovered he said:

"Very interesting, very interesting. Then I suppose you are the only ex-President in Switzerland?"

"Oh, no," laughed Brenner and Ruffy, pointing to Frey. "Here's another one!"

Surprise of the Hungarian, mixed with suspicion. Finally, after much thought, he ventured:

"And who is the actual President of Switzerland?"

"Why, Brenner here" roared Frey and Ruffy, and the Hungarian count, much affronted, arose and left the compartment, thinking himself the victim of a Swiss joke.

* * * *

Grindelwald was filled with English people, coasting—or, as they call it, "tobagganning," on those high little Grindelwald sleds, and calling out with great vehemence, "Achtung"—which corresponds to "fore" in golf. Lots of them skated, the girls in the pointed Grindelwald hood of all colors that is so becoming and coquettish with short skirts to match. The Scotch element stuck to curling on the ice. But the favorite sport seemed to be ski-ing, and the snow fields all around were scored and zig-zagged and crows-footed with their tracks.

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Grindelwald is a heavenly place. It is bitter cold in the village, for the sun is so low in the winter the shadow of the Elger covers the place till late in the afternoon. But once started off on a tramp up one of the hills, you are soon in the sunshine, and, one by one, off come glove, coat, and whatever else is practicable. That was our experience on this trip to the Busenalp. When, after a stiff climb of three hours, we finally reached the tiny chalet we had decided on as our halting place, we were glowing as if in midsummer. But wisdom directed us to put on our coats again, as we sat down on the sunny side of the tiny brown building and unpacked the lunch. One of the men had had the energy to pack up a bottle of champagne in his "rucksack," and made a mild little joke by sticking it, unobserved, into the snow behind the chalet, and then apparently knowing nothing about it when it was discovered.

* * * *

I believe it would be impossible for a foreigner (I speak now from the standpoint of a Swiss) to feel the same reverence and admiration for the high Alps as do the inhabitants of the country themselves. The members of our party were all Bernese ladies and gentlemen. Scarcely seated, and not waiting to take breath, they began to exclaim over the marvelous panorama spread out before us: The Wetterhorn, jagged and cruel; the Elger, imposing, forbidding; the Jungfrau, rocky and austere seen from this side, with here and there patches of snow clinging to the rock; the Silver Horn, dazzling white; the long stretch of the Scheidegg, with its box of a hotel perched so perilously near the edge; and, far off to the left, the glaciers gleaming green. One of the men, peering through his excellent Zeuss binoculars, gave a joyous cry: "Chamois! A band of five of them! Look, look!" One after the other, we all looked, and exclaimed. The timid wild things seemed very near through the glass. They were on a patch of snow on the Wetterhorn, pawing away to get at the grass beneath. We could see their markings quite plainly, and the beard of the father of the flock waved in the breeze as he lifted his head to gaze suspiciously on the direction of a sound caused by a small avalanche. We were so glad there were no hunters in the vicinity; the animals looked so free and happy. We were told that they are on the increase, in spite of rumors to the contrary, and in spite of the depredations of poachers.

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The luncheon finished, we disposed ourselves to rest and contemplate more nearly the beautiful view. In a few moments came a shout from below.

"Gruss Euch!" and a peasant, in that peculiar mountain stride that knows no fatigue, hoisted himself into view. He was clean shaven and dressed in very decent clothes, and he had an air of relief as we addressed him in his own dialect.

"Oh, I'm glad you are not English people," he said, "not that I don't like them, but I can't understand their language, and I do like to talk!" With this introduction he announced that this was his chalet; that he had come up from his home in the village to take down on his sled some mountain hay he had cut and stored here last summer, and that we were perfectly welcome to stay as long as we wished. At this, G—— said: "I supose you mean all Swiss are welcome to stay. But how about that lady lying on your doorstep? She's American!"

"So!" he exclaimed, rather disappointed, I thought. "Oh, well; she can't help that, and she speaks Swiss as well as we do!" which pleased me very much.

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"Did you make this chalet with your own hands?" I asked him, noticing the wooden nails that held it together.

"God bless you, no," he answered. "This was built more than 400 years ago," and, indeed, a view of the interior, with its stone fireplace and its antique odor, convinced me that such was the case.

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At about 3:30 o'clock, when the sun had drawn his two fantastic shadows on the Wetterhorn, one of a comical old woman, the other of a fashionable maiden with retrousse nose, both hundreds of feet in height, we took leave of the chalet and slipped and slid down into the shadow of the vallew below. We were worn out, but happy, and after a couple of hours' sleep were in fine condition, dancing the night away with the best of them at the famous "Boss Ball" at the Bear Hotel.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The woman who is trying to save money would do well to stay away from the shops where tempting displays of bargains are spread out. These are too severe a test on the average woman. If pennies must be counted, shopping should be limited to a list of needful articles and a woman must be blind to the many allurements of the bargain counter, unless there are to be found the articles on her list.

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It is delightful to be able to take advantage of marked-down sales and lay in a store of articles to be used in the future. Of course there is always the danger of running into extravagance by purchases which can never be used. I have seen trunks filled with such things stored away in attics and left to the depredations of mice and moths, and still the craze for buying was not satisfied. One woman of this class had a large number of relatives who were cramped for money, and her mother, understanding the waste that had gone on in the trunks piled under the eaves and more which were sure to follow, drew upon their contents to supply the poor relations with clothing. It was a species of pilfering, but as it was never discovered, the generous thief had no twinges of conscience. She regarded the transaction as a mere cheating of mice and moths and buffalo bugs.

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If she had asked the owner for any part of the treasure to give away, she would have been refused, for the lady was given somewhat to parsimony save in her personal expenditures. She had a mania for bargain hunting, and a pocketbook that permitted her to indulge it, or rather her husband was so blessed, even though he grumbled sometimes at the proportions of the monthly bills. She has a host of followers who cannot afford to imitate her, however, and it is to them I recommend the shopping list and a strict adherence to it.

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Our needs are not so many after all—our wants are numberless. It is distinctly feminine to crave beautiful and artistic things, and generally these come high. Edmund Russell, the exponent of beauty in jewels, and possibly other things, professes a disdane for price, declaring that real art is more often found in rare but cheap stones. But it is not to gems alone we look for beauty, we women of everyday world. We have a weakness for imported rugs, tapestry, and mahogany furniture, solid silver, fine china and good pictures, to say nothing of the fabrics for clothing and nobody can deny their expense.

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To own even a few of these things means saving and careful expenditure, and when the demands of business place such articles on the bargain counter we are not to be censured too severely if we forget to look on both sides of a dollar before spending it. If we can learn wisdom by experience we are to be congratulated, as one woman confessed to me with a rueful countenance. She was trying very hard to hold a New Year's promise made to her husband, and she did not relish the perpetual struggle. He promised her a new automobile in the summer if she would keep her expenditures within the limits of her allowance for five months. It seemed to me that a reward of such size would cure me of any habit I might possess.

BETTY BRADEEN.

The Glass Dress.

It has "came."
It is all a-glisten.
"See how it sparkles?"
It is actually made of glass.
Consider its smooth, polished surface.
It would appear ideally cool for summer.
But, not so. It is designed for ballroom wear.
Fancy the consequences should the wearer slip and fall!
She might "shiver her timbers"—otherwise her robe de bal.
And the moral? Why, women who dance in glass dresses should not slip up.

Aids to Self-assurance.

"There are two things which I always insist on to myself," said the girl with a small income. "One is to keep my hair well brushed and becomingly arranged; the other is to have my shoes polished and the heels kept in perfect shape. If my hair is all right, then I know I look nice, and if my shoes are good, then I can stand or walk with more assurance than a brand-new gown would give me if my heels were run down. It's not alone the way they look that is important, but the way they make me feel."

Chinese Negligees.

The Chinese woman's gown of rather gorgeous hues, which she wears with trousers, is conjured into an effective negligee by being mounted on a crepe or mousseline underdress. Some women also buy the everyday coat of the well-to-do Chinese, which is to be had made of heavy raw silk in handsome dull colors. This, with the sleeves shortened, makes an excellent dressing jacket.

On Lending Books.

"Why is it, I wonder," mused the woman philosopher, "that people always resent it when you ask them to return a borrowed book within any period shorter than a year? I would rather lend money than a book, for there is some chance of getting that back, but you might as well give a book to the average person as to go through the form of lending it."

Motherhood.

Dr. Saleeby, in the Lady's Realm.

The new movement for the teaching of motherhood is one which appeals alike to the humanitarian, to the biologist, the physician, and the patriot.